

THE
HORN FAIR
GARLAND,

Composed of several excellent

NEW SONGS,

- I. The Golden Cuckold.
- II. The Sailors promise to his Sweetheart.
- III. A Song in imitation of Dumbarton's Drums.
- IV. The sailors advice to his brother sailors.



Licensed and entered according to Order.

The Horn-fair GARLAND, &c.

The Golden Cuckold.



NOW husband the day is coming,
 Horn-fair is now drawing near,
 Therefore you must go and do duty,
 You're summon'd indeed to appear;
 With the rest of the hornify'd cuckolds,
 I'd have you lead heavenly lives,
 And flock to Horn-fair now by couples,
 Along with your beautiful wives.

I have tipped your horns in great splendor,
 As fine as a Lord you'll appear,
 With pick-axe and shovel in order,
 Horn-fair comes but once in a year.
 O wife you have been ungrateful,
 Thus to put horns on my crown,
 I thought I had been as sufficient
 As ever a man in the town.

Dear husband was marriage designed
 For to confine us to one man;
 We are in the right to get money,
 Dear husband you know if we can.

Besides Love it is an old fashion,
 There's scarcely a wife in the town,
 But thinks it is a great honor,
 My dear to graft horns on your crown.
 A pox on your honor you harlot,
 And all your whole cuckoldly train,
 If I catch you my dear in the action,
 I'll labour you well for your pains.
 You fumbling dog now I swear,
 If you offer to chatter or prate,
 I'll break all my ladles to shatters
 Across your hornify'd pate.
 Look under the candlestick cuckold,
 A single groat you'll find there,
 I hid, for to put in your pocket,
 Your charges to bear at Horn-fair.
 Then wife prithee put up your Ladle,
 My implements ready prepare,
 I'll summons all the rest of my neighbours
 To go with me unto Horn-fair.
 You buttocking whores in St Giles's,
 That play for a penny a time,
 Besure get your cuckolds in order,
 With every thing decent and fine.
 You Billingsgate lasses so pretty,
 Who loves to play with your bum,
 Besure get your husbands all ready
 My girls at the beat of a drum.

Old whores that do carry the basket,
 That loves for to tope Royal Gin,
 Although that you are old and past it,
 Your husbands are all summon'd in.
 The next to the pretty Milk-woman,
 Who does the trick under a tree,
 We know that in horns you are dealing,
 So we summons your husbands to be.
 You pretty young girls in the market,
 That dresses so neat and so trim,
 That horns on your husbands have grafted,
 We likewise do summons them in.
 Since most of our sex they are guilty,
 Dear husband why should you despair,
 Your horns shall be charmingly gilded
 Mr dear for to go to Horn-fair.

The Sailors promise to his sweetheart Molly.

WHEN first I came into this town,
 From troubles I was free Molly,
 But since I saw thy charming face,
 You've captivated me Molly.
 Oh, could I, fain would I,
 Could you fancy me Molly;
 Oh, would I, fain would I,
 Go along with thee Molly.

The pretty Thrush sits in the bush,
 And the Black-bird in the tree Molly,
 The Nightingale renews her notes,
 But not so sweet as thee Molly,
 Oh, could I, &c.

Oh! had I all the gold in Spain,
 Or the silver in Italy, Molly,
 There should none be sharers of the same,
 But thy sweet company, Molly.
 Oh, could I, &c.

She gave her love a charming kiss,
 And straight she fell a weeping;
 Saying, farewell, my dearest dear,
 Thou hast my heart in keeping.
 Oh, could I, &c.

He pull'd off his hose and shoes,
 And likewise his fine beaver;
 And she pull'd off her holland smock,
 And to bed they went together.

Oh, could I, fain would I,
 Go along with thee Johnny;

Oh, could I, fain would I,

Could you fancy me Johnny.

My captain calls me forth to fight,
 From thee I must away Molly;
 Or else with thee my hearts delight,
 For ever I could stay Molly.

Oh, could I, &c.

Alas! it grieves my heart full fore,
 That I should part from the Molly;
 Yet you shall find for evermore,
 That constant I will be Molly.
 Oh, could I, &c.

She gave her love a charming kiss,
 And straight she fell a weeping;
 Saying, farewell, my dearest dear,
 Thou hast my heart in keeping.
 Oh, could I, &c.

He said, my love, pray be content,
 Though for a while I tarry,
 If I live to return again,
 My dear, with thee I'll marry.
 Oh, could I, &c.

Those constant lovers they did part,
 And he did kiss his sweeting;
 And vow'd that he would marry'd be,
 At the next happy meeting.
 Oh, could I, &c.

A Song in imitation of Dumbarton's Drums.

A Sailor is blyth and bonny O,
 His lips are sweet as honey O,
 O how happy am I,
 When my Sailor is by,
 And sings love songs to his Molly O.

A Sailor is full of Bravery O,
 He knows not of rogues or knavery O;
 When his prince doth him call,
 He mounts the wooden wall,
 That defends us from pop'ry and slavery O.
 When my sailor goes to sea, and leaves me O.
 Alas! how it frets and grieves me O;
 But when he doth come home,
 There's an end of all my moan,
 For sweet kisses from him doth please me O.
 Who would not be a sailor's lassie O,
 Rather than a meagre lady O;
 He sails from East to West,
 And brings home the best
 Of jewels and silks to his deary O.
 A soldier brags of his bravery O,
 And says when he's by, we're in safety O,
 But the riches of Peru,
 And the gold of Ophir too,
 Are brought by the sailor to his country O.
 The wine that revives our spirits O,
 We have by the failors merits O;
 How can they be chagrin,
 Or troubled with the spleen,
 That such blessings does inherit O.
 O praise ye the jovial sailor O,
 No red-coat, tinker, or taylor O,

Can e'er with him compare,
 For liveliness and air,
 And all we enjoy's through his labour O.
 Now I must conclude my Ditty O,
 For want of want of words, that's a pity O
 Then all your voices raise,
 To sound a sailor's praise,
 In country, town, and city O.

The sailor's advice to his brother sailors.

COME all you pretty seamen,
 Take warning now by me.
 And go no more to sea,
 Till that you marry'd be;
 For when you are gone to sea,
 From all your joys set free,
 She'll get another love 10 JU 52
 To enjoy her fair body.
 I wish that my love was here,
 To hear the doleful cries,
 How many poor souls are wounded,
 And in the seas doth lie;
 I wish that I had but wings,
 Like to the Turtle-dove,
 Then would I fly to the place,
 Where my love unconstant proves.

FINIS.